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AMIDST the loud strife of political parties respecting questions of a speculative character, it gives us the greatest pleasure to contemplate improvements of an obvious and practical kind, which are occasionally brought into operation in a quiet and unostentatious way, and scarcely are dreamt of by the public till the good effects of them are experienced. One of these improvements of late years bears reference to pauper children, formerly a miserably mismanaged section of society, but now in the way of not only being rightly cared for, and properly trained for an independent life, but destined apparently to illustrate some plans of well-doing, by which other portions of the community may be benefited.

The children kept in English workhouses are of various classes, including illegitimates, orphans, deserted children, and the offspring of paupers, imbeciles, and felons, as also a proportion of children whom the parish takes off the hands of independent labourers who have unusually large families. In a recent document, the total number, between the ages of 2 and 16, was estimated at 56,835. It is to be remarked that, with respect to a great number of such children, there is a considerable chance of their being naturally inferior to children of ordinary history and in ordinary circumstances. Not to speak of the probability of an inferior constitution being inherited in the cases where the parents are imbeciles, paupers, or felons, there is the clear fact that most of them would be nursed and reared amidst insufficiency of all that conduces to the moral and physical health of children. To make head against the tendency of these circumstances, it would obviously be necessary to take unusually vigorous and careful measures. But of what nature were the measures actually taken?

The children were received into the workhouses, and kept, almost without the slightest attempt at arrangement, amongst the adult paupers, in which class were included women who had gone through every stage of vice, and all those other persons who form what are called the dregs of society. They were thus, in their ordinary life, exposed to every kind of contamination, while in their school hours their case was little better, as their preceptor was generally some pauper of the establishment, selected not always on account of his moral worth. So lately as 1837, three years after the improved poor-law had been introduced, it was found that of 903 children, between 9 and 16, maintained in the workhouses of Norfolk and Sussex, there were 100 who could not read, and 424 who could only read imperfectly, while 473 could not write. In a lately published Report of the Poor-Law Commissioners, Mr Green, schoolmaster of the West London Union, states that, when he was appointed to his situation two years and a half before the period of his giving evidence, the children had scarcely any learning; the stronger tyrannised over the weaker to a frightful extent; their language and manners were gross and rude. "Several of them had broken out at times from the workhouse, had become thieves, had been convicted, and then came back to the workhouse; they had contracted habits of petty thieving generally, and lying and deceit. When the Union was first formed, they had robbed the relieving officer; they broke into his office, took out his money, and made their escape over a wall." They used to beat a particular boy for their amusement, and by their cruelty had made him abscond thirteen times. They were "quite reckless about the property of the house; their forms, bedding, and utensils, were all wantonly misused and destroyed." One of the few who had

learned to read, or who showed any intellectual ability, had purchased a knife, with the avowed determination of ruling by it; and, one day, on Mr Green entering the school, he found that this young brigand had actually inflicted a serious wound upon one of the boys. In the same Report, Mr Clayton, master of the Limehouse School of Industry, states that, on his coming to take charge of that establishment, he found the children in a worse condition than he could have expected. Some could read and even write well, but no information had been given to them. "The most prominent thing that struck the attention was the extreme selfishness of the children; they seemed to have no sympathy with each other, and a perpetual desire to appropriate every thing they could lay their hands on to their own use, was manifest, I think, in all of them. This continually developed itself in acts of petty thieving. There was great stubbornness of disposition, and a rebellious spirit. They had perhaps never experienced the kindness addressed to the mind; any kindness that had been shown them was in the shape of bribery." A chaplain had done his best in this school, but was constantly complaining of the inattention of the children to his instructions.

These may serve as examples of the condition of pauper children generally under the old system. And what were the consequences? That the children became, in the great majority of instances, mere pests to society. Trained only to rudeness and vice, they were quite unfitted for entering upon a virtuous and independent course of life. So reluctant were all respectable persons to receive them as servants or apprentices, that it had been found necessary in 1799 to enact a law, forcing rate-payers to take them with premiums, under a penalty for refusal. All who could pay the penalty paid it, and escaped the affliction of having a young profligate introduced into their households; but persons in less easy circumstances were obliged to submit to this evil. In the report under our notice, we have some striking enough cases of the hardship involved in this regulation. The following is the evidence of Mr Atmer:—"I keep the Angel Inn, Halesworth. I had not been three months in this inn before an apprentice was allotted to me from Bulcamp House. I had no need of her services, and I was obliged to discharge a good maid-servant to take her in, which I very reluctantly did. I had a great deal of trouble with this girl; I had frequently to apply to the parish-officers on account of her insolent behaviour; she was slovenly and disobedient. When I reproved her, she answered, 'You are obliged to keep me, and I shall do as I please.' When her apprenticeship had terminated, I did not keep her any longer, and I would rather pay £10 than take another. I considered it very unjust and very hard to have a child forced upon me in this way."

While respectable persons were disposed to reject the children, there was a class of inferior tradesmen and operatives who, for the sake of the premium, were not only willing but eager to receive them; but the temporary benefit of the money being the only object, and the behaviour of the children generally very bad, it usually followed that in a few months they were either turned out to the streets as vagrants, or sent back to the workhouse. The overseer of Halesworth states that not a fourth of the apprenticed children turned out well. Mr Green of the West London Union affirms that "the greater part of them went about the streets as vagabonds, without shoes or stockings, in states bordering on destitution, under constant and great temptations to

commit crime." "I have no doubt," he adds, "that the amount of juvenile delinquency has been greatly increased by the neglect of the training of pauper children." A large proportion of the girls ("at least a third," says one witness) fell into a course of life of the most degraded character. Death, transportation, and the jail, must of course have provided for a vast number of these unfortunate children; and it was not the worst consequence of their wretched miseducation that a considerable proportion returned to the workhouse, and continued for the remainder of their days to be chargeable upon that society which had so utterly neglected its duty towards them.

"Another bad effect," says the Halesworth overseer, "was the influence of this system on the minds of the parents; they neglected to provide for their children, and threw the burden on the parish, under the impression that they had a right to do so. The parents insolently demanded, as a right, what we imagined they ought to have received as a boon, and the children were insolent and disobedient to their masters, being told by their parents that their masters could not get rid of them without a vexatious process before the magistrates. Even then a riddance could not be had of this nuisance, unless theft or some other similarly gross offence could be proved: simple disobedience and uselessness were not sufficient to obtain the magistrates' consent to the cancelling of the indentures." Thus it appears that one set of people were literally endeavouring to throw the burden of their own offspring upon another: it was a scramble to get quit of children. Parents were found not only willing, but eager, to put their young ones into the midst of the demoralising influences which have been described, that they might in time be thrown for support upon some neighbour probably very little better off than themselves. How ludicrously does this contrast with some of the mock sentimentalisms which are indulged in respecting the pauper class! "Unfortunate cottager," we can imagine some pseudo-philanthropist saying, "hard is your fate, compelled to part with your babes to the cold care of a workhouse!" "Oh, sir," we can imagine the answer to be, "we are not obliged by any means: we only wished to have the young uns put to live over the way there with neighbour Flamborough, who can support 'em a great deal better than we."

The Poor-Law Commissioners have been for several years endeavouring to place pauper children on a better footing. It is justly remarked, that a pauper child is not strictly liable to be called by that term, for "he is not indigent in consequence of his own want of industry, skill, frugality, or forethought." He should not be degraded in his own estimation by being placed amidst a despised class. It is also clearly the interest of society that he should not inherit either the misfortunes or errors of his parents, but as far as possible be put in the way of becoming an independent and respectable person. The commissioners commenced by making some provisions for the education of the children, who are now, in most unions, under the charge of a comparatively well-educated schoolmaster and schoolmistress, to whom a salary, with bed and board, is given. In the report we have some most interesting notices of the improvements thus effected. In the West London Union, for example, instead of the ruffianism, lying, and deceit, formerly so rife, there are now habits of order and intellectual progress. In the Limehouse school, instead of the universal selfishness which once reigned, there is now "a great attachment amongst the children for each other." "In all cases," says Mr Clayton, "they are willing to assist each other in work,

and in sickness, and in their studies. They are very willing on all occasions to contribute to each other's amusement; they seldom quarrel. There are very few acts of dishonesty, excepting in those who may have recently arrived—I may almost say, never. Their application to labour is invariably cheerful; they always exhibit a contented, happy state of mind. Their facility of acquiring knowledge is very much improved; the amount of knowledge they obtain is very considerable; their knowledge of the Scriptures is become very extensive; their knowledge of geography, and their general acquaintance with natural objects and phenomena, is respectable. They have a decent skill in arithmetic, and read and write with considerable facility."

The Norwood school, of which we formerly gave a particular description, may be considered as at the head of the new establishments for training pauper children. In these establishments, industrial education generally forms a conspicuous feature, that is to say, the children are trained to gardening, shoemaking, tailoring, carpentry, and other useful arts, such as may be supposed best fitted to prepare them for entering upon an independent course of life. When the school is in a district containing sea-ports, the boys are moreover taught, by means of an apparatus in the grounds, all the duties connected with the management of a vessel. Already, so well ascertained are the good effects of these arrangements, that there is actually a competition amongst respectable people to obtain apprentices and servants out of the workhouse schools, although the temptation of a premium is now withdrawn. Mr Clayton mentions, that masters of vessels often come to the Limehouse school in search of boys; and, though at first disposed to think the children too young and too small to be of service in a ship, generally take them on finding them to be already so well trained. He adds, that the conduct of one little girl in service was recently so exemplary, that she procured for four other children situations of a superior character. The children do not now return on account of acts of dishonesty. Mr Clayton adds a pleasing little anecdote. "We have sent three boys to the South Sea fishery, and we have had very satisfactory accounts of them. Lately, one of the owners called, and among other incidents related, that as his vessel was going down the Channel on her last voyage, with one of the boys from the school on board, the pilot said, 'It would be as well if the royal were lowered; I wish it were down.' Without waiting for any orders, and unobserved by the pilot, the lad whom they had taken on board from the school instantly mounted the mast and lowered the royal; and at the next glance of the pilot to the mast-head, he perceived that the sail had been let down. He exclaimed, 'Who's done that job?' The owner, who was on board, said, 'That was the little fellow whom I put on board two days ago.' The pilot immediately said, 'Where could he have been brought up?' The boy had become a great favourite on board the ship, from his activity and readiness to undertake any service, whether dangerous or painful or not. The same gentleman has called upon me, to inform me how satisfactorily the boys have behaved on board of other ships."

The great success which has attended every school for pauper children as yet tried, has suggested the propriety of establishing as many such schools as may be necessary for the proper training of the whole of the pauper children of England. It is proposed, and has accordingly been provided for by a clause in the Poor-Law Extension Act, that unions should combine to establish district schools for this purpose, to be conducted generally upon the same plan as the Norwood establishment—that is, to be under the charge of efficient professional teachers, and to include education in the useful arts, for which purpose they are each to be surrounded by a piece of ground for a garden, as well as by offices in which various trades may be practised. It has also been proposed that the poor may generally, under certain regulations, be allowed to take advantage of these schools for the education of their children—a permission which they may well appreciate highly, for there can be no doubt that, if the models of Norwood, Limehouse, &c., be every where followed out, the education to be obtained in these seminaries will be the best of its kind any where to be had, and perhaps considerably better fitted for its end than the education enjoyed by the children of our highest classes in some academies of ancient reputation.

We must own that we rejoice heartily in these modestly conducted improvements upon our social state. If the new pauper schools shall only prevent that extensive training of the youthful destitute for vice and infamy which went on under the old system, they will do much; but we anticipate that they must serve a still higher purpose, by proving to the nation the certain benefits to be derived from a rightly organised and rightly conducted system of education. With the practical benefits of these schools before our eyes—children who formerly were outcasts and wretches converted into respectable members of society—how will it be possible for the most malignant prejudice to oppose any longer a measure for extending education to all?

There is, moreover, some interest in observing the certainty with which moral causes are here followed by moral effects. In the belief of many, all mental operations are a mystery and a wonder. The virtues, vices, talents, and stupidities of individual, depend, in

their estimation, on causes quite inscrutable, and with which it is not only vain but almost impious to interfere. Here, however, we see, as clearly as we can see any palpable physical result, that all of these things depend on natural causes, the direction of which is as much within our power as is the direction of a helm at sea, so as to avoid a rock in our course or make for a particular port. Place a few hundreds of pauper children in a workhouse amidst vicious characters, with only an ignorant pauper for a teacher, and one-half of them turn out profligates and a burden and a pest to society. Place them, on the contrary, apart from vitiating influences, under a rational teacher, who at once instructs their minds and trains them to virtuous habits, and they go into the world fitted to act in it a respectable part. In this there is no mystery. The whole process is clear to the simplest understanding. In the nature of things, the result could not be otherwise. Enviable yet will be the fame of those who have first made the truth manifest to the world.

FRANK HEPBURN, A TALE OF TALE-BEARING.

ALL mankind have agreed that the badge of the informer is infamy; and when a child goes to school, one of the first things he is made to understand by his companions, is that "to tell tales" is to the last degree dishonourable, and that, see what he may that is wrong or contrary to the laws established, he must keep his knowledge to himself.

That there are many benefits derivable from this arrangement, is not to be denied, but the practice has also its disadvantages, and, carried to its utmost limits, in youth as well as in matured age, is productive of serious harm to society. In the humbler departments of domestic life, the practice of concealing what it is of importance should be made explicitly known, is in a great degree demoralising, and also injurious to the interests of over-confiding employers. An honest girl goes into a situation where she soon discovers that the butler is making too free with his master's cellar, or the lady's-maid with her mistress's wardrobe; that the cook is making dishonest perquisites in the kitchen, or the groom in the stables; but she allows the mischief to go on—perhaps hints it to a few of her acquaintances, expresses her disapprobation, wishes master and mistress knew it, but "one don't like to speak—it gets one such an ill name." By and by, the delinquents are discovered; the innocent are confounded with the guilty; they are presumed to have countenanced and approved what they have only acquiesced in for want of courage to interfere; the whole establishment is condemned—they are a bad set, and must make a general clearance. The honest girl loses her place with the rest; and when she seeks another service, she finds the lady "can't take her, because she was one of the gang that were all turned off together from Mrs So and So's." The girl loses caste, sinks into a lower grade of service and worse company, and probably ends by committing the very crimes which she at first disapproved of, but had not courage to expose. We have known more than one instance of this in our lives; but the worst cases that have come under our observation, and those where silence has been both most mischievous and most criminal, has been where the health and safety of young children were concerned—infants too young to make known their own griefs, or to comprehend their amount. There are nurses who drink and neglect their charge; there are others who have violent tempers, and beat and ill-treat them; and there are some, alas! so depraved or so ignorant, that in order to obtain leisure or liberty, or to avoid being disturbed in the night, they will not scruple to administer alcohol or narcotics, most pernicious draughts to infant lips. More than one little life we have known sacrificed within the last two years by this wickedness, and in each case the crime was not only unpunished but highly condemned by the under-nurses, who, nevertheless, witnessed the commission of the enormity in silence; and when at length the sufferings of the little victim led to a discovery, had nothing to say but "we didn't like to speak!" One might almost be tempted to ask what human tongues were given for, if not to be used on such an occasion.

When Frank Hepburn was about thirteen, he was apprenticed to Mr Drummond, a fashionable silk-mercer, residing in Pall Mall; and as he had been respectably educated, brought a good character from school, and was the only son of a widowed mother, whose affection he returned with filial piety, he entered life with as fair a prospect of doing well as most lads in the like sphere. Frank's business by day was, at first, chiefly confined to handing things about from counter to counter, and waiting on the shopmen; but at night he was often engaged assisting the shop-porters till ten or eleven o'clock in carrying home goods to the different purchasers in various parts of the town. One evening, Frank, after a fatiguing peregrination, which had extended from St Paul's in the east to Hyde Park corner in the west, was overtaken on his way to Montague Square by a sudden thunder-storm. The rain poured down in torrents; and as the parcel he was conveying consisted of a delicate satin, whose only defence from the weather was a paper wrapper, he thought it advisable to seek shelter for a few minutes till the violence of the shower

abated. It was past ten o'clock, and although many shops were still open, the doors were universally shut; so Frank turned into the first public-house he saw, and stood for a short time in the passage, where, by accident, he overheard snatches of a conversation in an adjoining room. He thought he knew one of the voices; and when the door was opened by the waiter in answer to the bell, he descried one of Mr Drummond's shopmen, whose name was Lines, sitting by a table, on which were the remains of a supper, in company with another man. Not from any desire to conceal himself, or to listen to the conversation, but simply because the situation of Lines being much superior to his own, he did not feel himself entitled to intrude on the party, Frank took no steps towards making known his proximity, but remained quietly where he was. In a few minutes, the thread of a previous discourse was resumed. "Altogether, then," he heard the stranger observe, "you must make a capital thing of it."

"Not so bad," answered Lines, "considering the salary is but eighty pounds a-year; but the perquisites bring it up to about three hundred, and a fellow may contrive to rub on upon that." "Rub on!—I fancy so," said the other. "But tell me, Ned, how do you manage it?"

"Easy enough, in such a concern as ours," answered Lines, "where every body's in a bustle, and there's a constant succession of strangers."

"But what's the trick?" inquired Jack.

"Why," replied Lines, "on every article I sell, that is, when the purchasers are strangers, and I see they are going to lay down the money, I put on two-pence or threepence a-yard, according as I see who I've to deal with; sometimes on a shawl or a cloak, or goods of that sort, I get as much as ten or twelve shillings. I have got as much as a pound at one slap. Every body's so busy, there's no time to be looking after each other; besides, I've only to say I made a mistake in the mark, and there's an end of it."

Here the conversation sunk to whispers; and, sufficiently shocked with what he had heard, Frank rushed from the house, and proceeded on his errand, his head full of Lines' disclosures. "What a rogue," thought he, "that fellow is!—and to think that I should have found him out by such a mere accident! But roguery is always found out sooner or later. I wish master knew it—I think I ought to tell him. But I suppose if I do, I shall make the place too hot to hold me; they'll all be against me, I'd bet any thing, and ask what business it was of mine—and, to be sure, it's no business of mine. Tell-tales are certain to get the worst of it, so I suppose I'd better hold my tongue; he'll be sure to be found out before long, one way or other." And consoling himself with this persuasion, he returned home and went to bed; and although the next morning, when Mr Drummond spoke kindly to him, and inquired when he had seen his mother, he felt strongly prompted to communicate what he had heard, yet the apprehension of the ruin he should bring on Lines, and the contempt and reprobation he might himself incur, deterred him, and kept him silent.

His curiosity being so far excited, however, he could not help, after this, watching Lines when he saw him serving the customers; contriving often to be standing near, or passing behind, at the moment the accounts were being settled. He observed that Lines always proceeded to the till immediately, and apparently deposited the amount; but by close observation he discovered that some minutes afterwards, when he was clearing away the goods he had been serving, he took an opportunity of conveying the surplus to his pocket.

It was impossible, however, for Frank to continue long this system of espionage without attracting the attention of Lines; and once or twice their eyes happened to meet at the very critical moment when the dishonest gains were finding their way into their destined receptacle. Lines, in short, saw that he was watched, feared that he was discovered, and, naturally, set about to consider how he should elude the danger, and remove the boy from his path. In the mean time, as a precautionary measure, he changed his tactics, rarely ventured to make a surcharge when Frank was in the shop; and when he did, instead of depositing his booty in his pocket, he watched his opportunity to conceal it, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, till an opportunity offered for him to go out and take it with him. Thus, in the interim, if any suspicion had arisen, and he were searched, no money would have been found about him; and if by chance the hidden store were discovered, it would not be easy to fix on the owner.

As he feared Frank, and looked upon him as his enemy, he of course hated him too; and in the hope of finding some opportunity of throwing discredit on the boy's character, and thus diminish his power to harm himself, he watched as intently as he was watched. But to no purpose. Frank was an honest, steady lad, and did his duty; and the more Lines watched him, the less chance he saw of accomplishing his purpose. But here fortune came to his aid in a manner altogether unexpected.

One night, or rather morning, for it was towards two hours after midnight, Frank, who had a bed in a closet entering from the shop, was awakened by a knocking at the door, and after listening a moment to make sure he was not deceived, the boy arose, and asked who was there.

"Open the door, for God's sake!" cried a hurried voice; "don't you know the house is on fire!—the people will all be burnt in their beds!"

Deprived of all presence of mind and power of reflection by this terrific announcement, Frank turned the key and withdrew the bolts at once; and the moment he had done so, a stout man and a lad rushing in, exclaimed, "Run for your life and wake the people, whilst we try to save some of the property!" And away flew Frank up the stairs, thundering at all the doors, and crying "Fire!" without ever stopping to ascertain where the fire was.

Roused from their heavy sleep, confused and scared, the inmates of the several rooms turned out—some with a counterpane, some with a blanket hastily drawn over their shoulders, some with nothing on but their night clothes, and some with trousers or petticoats in their hands, that for their lives they could not find the way into. "Where's the fire?" resounded on all sides, as they rushed down the stairs, preceded by Frank. "Where's the fire?" reiterated every body when they entered the shop, where all was still dark. Frank, who was foremost, ran into the street, and looked up for the flames he expected to see bursting through the windows. Not a gleam of light was to be seen. The boy stood confounded. "Where's the fire, you young jackanapes?" cried Lines; "come this way, sir. Where's the fire, I say?"—and he grasped the boy by the arm.

"I don't know," said Frank; "the watchman knocked at the door and told me of it, and sent me up to wake you all."

"I!" exclaimed the watchman, who, drawn to the spot by the commotion, had just arrived in time to hear this explanation; "I told you of it! I did no such thing! I haven't been out of the street for the last half hour."

"I can't tell who it was, then," said poor Frank. "I saw two persons, and I thought they were watchmen, I'm sure; and was so afraid that you'd all be burnt in your beds, as they said you would, that I never stopt to look at them, nor to see where the fire was either."

By this time, Mr Drummond, who had been hitherto occupied in looking after his wife and children, approached the group; and some one having procured a light, the whole party returned into the shop, Lines keeping fast hold of Frank's arm, and dragging him along with him. It was perfectly clear the alarm was a false one; and Mr Drummond having sent his family to bed again, began calmly to inquire of Frank the meaning of what had happened; but Frank could only repeat what he had said before. Strange as the story seemed, Mr Drummond, having a good opinion of the boy, was disposed to believe him; but Lines shook his head significantly, and suggested that it would be as well to see if there were any thing missing out of the shop; for his part, he did not like the looks of the business at all.

Upon this hint, a survey being made, it was discovered, that from a small room at the extremity of the shop, where the books were kept, a drawer of the desk had been carried off, which contained cash to the amount of several pounds.

This cleared up the mystery as to the motive of the visitors; and, but for the malice of Lines, would have established in Mr Drummond's mind the truth of Frank's story. But Lines took care not only to make a parade of suspicion himself, but contrived to put it into the heads of others to suspect too; till, presently, there arose a murmur amongst the bystanders, "that the boy's account of the affair certainly might be true, but that it was very extraordinary, and ought to be looked into;" whilst the watchman, who had been huffed at Frank's insinuation that two intruders had been doing duty on his beat, thought proper to take the same view of the case, and strongly recommended that the youth should be conveyed straightways to the lock-up-house, and kept there till morning.

To these energetic proceedings, however, Mr Drummond, who was a temperate man, would not consent; but he did yield so far as to allow Frank to be locked up in a bed-room up stairs, whilst another apprentice took his place in the shop for the rest of the night.

Thoroughly disturbed by all this commotion, indisposed to sleep by being turned out of his usual dormitory, and foreseeing, besides, that Frank being in a sort of arrest, his usual duty of cleaning and setting the shop in order would fall to his lot, this young man arose with the dawn of light, and commenced his operations; and acting upon the well-established axiom that "new brooms sweep clean," he set about the business in a much more radical manner than Frank would have thought necessary—routing out every hole and corner, wacking the flies, disturbing the spiders, dusting and knocking about the things at an uncommon rate; and having in the full energy of these proceedings overturned a pile of empty card-board boxes, he discovered, stuffed in behind them, a little pile of loose cash, silver and pence, amounting to about five pounds.

The money had evidently been purposely concealed, and the lad, when he remitted it to Mr Drummond, on that gentleman's appearance, suggested that it was most likely part of the sum abstracted from the cash drawer. "But that is improbable," objected Mr Drummond; "why should they leave it there?" Frank, who had been released from his confinement by his master, and was standing beside him at the moment this observation was made, involuntarily looked

towards Lines; their eyes met; Frank knew who had hidden the money, and Lines saw that he knew it.

The moment was critical; fear is cruel; and Lines was rendered desperate by the excess of his peril. "Perhaps," whispered he, just loud enough to be heard, "perhaps it is the youngster's share of the booty."

In an instant every eye was turned on Frank. "You know better," said he, bursting into tears; "you know very well who put it there."

"I!" exclaimed Lines with well-feigned astonishment; "how should I know any thing about it?"

"You know you put it there yourself," sobbed the boy. The testimony of an eyewitness, who had sworn that the money found was, as Lines had suggested, Frank's share of the booty, could not have told more decisively against the poor lad than did this apparently random accusation—flung out, as it appeared to the bystanders, against Lines, whose honesty had never been doubted, for no other reason in the world but that he had been the first to hit upon the true interpretation of the mystery. The boy was forthwith pronounced a shameless young vagabond; nobody, not even Mr Drummond, would listen to a word he had to say in his own vindication; and whilst an officer was sent for to examine the premises, the reputed criminal was locked up in the room whence the cash had been abstracted.

When the constable arrived, and had been duly put in possession of the circumstances, and the suspicions attached to Frank, he was conducted into the place of the boy's confinement, that he might inspect the immediate locality of the robbery, and examine the supposed criminal, who, with his head on the table, and his face buried in his pocket handkerchief, was shedding torrents of repentant tears for not having done his duty by exposing Lines in the first instance, when no ill motive could have been assigned for the accusation, and when Mr Drummond might have easily satisfied himself of its justice.

When the officer had spent a becoming time in examining the room, the door, and the desk, and proved to a certainty, what every body knew before, that the drawer was gone and the cash with it, he desired Frank to hold up his head and give his account of the matter. When the boy had concluded his story—which, of course, was only a repetition of what he had said before—the officer, who had been looking at him attentively, asked him if he were sure he was not acquainted with the men he had let into the house, and whether he had not been in the habit of meeting them at "the Lock and Key" in the Edgeware road. Frank declared he had never been at "the Lock and Key" in his life, and that, as for the men, he had not only never seen them before, but that he should not know them if he saw them now, having been too frightened and hurried to think of looking at their faces. All he knew was, that one was a stout man, and the other a little one. "Ay, ay," replied the officer, "I know 'em well enough. But are you sure now you was never at 'the Lock and Key'? Recollect yourself; I think I saw you there myself once."

"It's no use recollecting," answered Frank. "I'm quite sure I never was there."

"It's a pity young gentlemen have such short memories," remarked the officer. "What! you wasn't there one wet Saturday night about three months ago, eh? Didn't I see you when you came out of the door?"

The recollection of the public house where he had taken shelter, and where he had first acquired the knowledge of the shopman's dishonest proceeding, now flashed upon the boy's mind; and as memory recurred to him, the innocent blood rushed into his cheeks.

"Ah, I think you remember it now!" said the official, chuckling at the boy's confusion, and the triumph of his own sagacity—"I thought I should bring it to your recollection," and then, taking Mr Drummond aside, he proceeded to relate how, having an appointment, connected with his office, at "the Lock and Key," which was a well-known flash house, on the night in question, he had there seen Frank issue from the door in a more than usual hurry.

Mr Drummond was thunderstruck by this confirmation of Frank's guilt, and shocked at the extreme perverseness which such habits argued, contrasted with his external prudent bearing and almost demure demeanour. Fortunately, however, for the boy, Mr Drummond was both a sensible and a merciful man, and shrank from condemning the culprit to the hopeless destruction both of morale and of character that would be the consequence of a committal to jail. He therefore obstinately declined the constable's proposal of taking him to Marlborough Street at once; and dismissing that indignant official with a promise of sending for him when he was wanted, he locked the door of Frank's prison, and dispatched a messenger to Mrs Hepburn, requesting her immediate presence.

The poor lad, choked with tears, and hopeless of being believed, had made no attempt to account for his visit to "the Lock and Key" before Mr Drummond and the officer; but when his mother arrived, he started to his feet, and throwing his arms about her neck, he eagerly poured out the whole history to one whom he knew would put faith in it. And the mother did put faith in it, and she told his master that she would answer with her life for her Frank's honesty and truth.

Mr Drummond had a high opinion of the widow, and did not think himself justified in slighting her testimony. He told her, therefore, that she must take her son away with her till he could make up his mind further on the subject, enjoining her, in the mean time, absolute silence with respect to the story Frank had told in his own justification. He then privately employed a person he could rely on to watch Lines, both in the shop and when he went out of an evening.

His enemy being removed, Lines thought himself safe; and it was not long before, by the pursuit of his criminal

gains, he had betrayed his own guilt, and vindicated the truth of his accuser. He was dismissed with ignominy and loss of character, whilst Frank was honourably reinstated in his situation and in his master's favour.

But had Frank been a motherless boy, or Mr Drummond a hasty and inconsiderate man, the chances are many that the lad would have been irretrievably ruined, because he had not had courage to expose guilt, in which he utterly abhorred.

JOTTINGS TAKEN IN BRITTANY.

ST MALO—ST SERVAN.

The friend from whose manuscript we extracted "Jottings taken in Jersey," proceeded from that island, in an open boat, to Granville on the coast of Brittany, where he spent a night. Next morning he crossed the bay of St Michel to the fishing village of Cancale, and then proceeded by a short land journey to St Malo. At this point we again take up his narrative:—

"Our first view of St Malo was from a small rural village called Paramy, that crests an eminence within range of the castle guns. To say that it presented a scene of splendour, were to speak in subdued language. It rose before us, a dark pyramidal mass of grotesque masonry, encircled by towers and ramparts, and situated on the verge of a spacious bay strewn with lofty islets, and black reefs scarcely elevated above the level of the sea. A twin town, St Servan, occupied the nearest point of the mainland, and a fine basin crowded with shipping spread between. Beyond St Servan a long line of precipices stretched away to the westward, as far as the bluff and dimly-seen headland called Cape Frehel. St Malo shot up from the bosom of the sea, a compact impregnable pile of reefs and battlements; but St Servan, scattered over several eminences, and intersected in every direction by groves and gardens, had the free smiling aspect of an English city.

The rocky islet on which St Malo stands is connected with the mainland by an artificial mole or causeway, commanded by a castle which the celebrated Anne of Brittany, the princess in whose reign it was erected, whimsically ordered to be constructed on the model of her coach. The fortifications of the town extend to the water's edge all round the island, and in a seaward direction are sufficiently strong to repel any attack; but having no outworks towards the land, and being commanded by the adjacent heights, the place is by no means impregnable. The ramparts are about a mile in circuit, and pretty thickly pierced with embrasures; as in our own forts in these peaceful times, many of the cannon had been dismounted. One or two fortified rocks near it are accessible on foot at low water; but two larger islands farther out in the bay, called Cesembre and Isle Abon, are always insulated. No less than ten forts or batteries are visible in and around the bay, almost within range of the cannon of St Malo.

He who would wish to depart with an impression that St Malo is a superb city, ought not to enter the gates, but content himself with an external scrutiny. Within the walls, the miseries inseparable from a limited site and dense population are experienced in all their magnitude. The streets are mere lanes, filthy, dark, and so overtopped by projecting buildings as to be rarely visited by the sun; the houses gloomy, lofty, irregularly-built piles, which might pass for the strongholds of 'plague, pestilence, and famine.' To be explicit, this is exactly a town in which an Englishman, exasperated at the mud and darkness through which he has to grope his way, would like to act the part of an incendiary. He perceives that a rousing conflagration would at once purify the air, and give the squalid denizens room to live; and the only houses he would desire to rescue from the flames are those which overlook the ramparts. Many of these are spacious structures, inhabited by opulent citizens, and thither, indeed, the whole wealth of the city may be said to be gathered. The aggregate of the population, pent up in lofty quarries of masonry, bear the stamp of squalor and indigence. The shops are mean, disorderly, and scantily supplied with goods—dyes, such as are to be found in the uncivilised purlieus of Saffron Hill and Wapping. They were generally kept by females, who in many instances sat in front of them in the open street, knitting, spinning, or reading, but never idle. I looked over the stores of a small circulating library, in order to ascertain the bent of their studies, and found, in addition to a large selection of the standard French authors, translations of the works of the author of Waverley, the poetical tales of Scott, and the most popular effusions of Byron. These gems of the British muse were clothed in a prosaic garb, and consequently reduced to the level of mere romauta.

St Malo has long been famed as a nest of privateers, and during the late war our trade had too often occasion to deplore the intrepidity of these licensed pirates. A portly, fierce-looking man, reputed to be one of the wealthiest ship-owners in the place, was pointed out to me as a person who had realised an income of several thousand pounds a-year in these precarious adventures. When the privateering system was at its height, one of the finest vessels that had ever been destined for such adventure, was launched from a small dock-yard a few miles up the adjacent river. The owner had expended every sum he could scrape together to make her complete, and, in short, had

staked his all on her success. Inflated by the golden prospect of many a valuable capture, he had even planned an extensive dock-yard and magnificent chateau; and on the day she sailed on her first cruise, he gave his friends a splendid entertainment in honour of her departure. But, alas! his dreams of future wealth were of short duration. Next morning, ere the fumes of the libations in which he had pledged her a fortunate voyage were evaporated, a messenger of evil came to tell him that his superb bark was visible in the offing with the English colours at her topmast. A vigilant cruiser had pounced upon her ere she was well beyond the range of the batteries, and one broadside from British oak shook into ruin the imaginary chateau and dockyard of Mont Marine. The inhabitants still speak with astonishment of the temerity of our seamen while blockading their port. At times, when the wind was off shore, a small frigate would dash boldly into the bay, and pass in bravado between the town and neighbouring islands, under a shower of shot and shells. A naval gentleman, by no means prone to boast of his adventures, who was several years on this station, asserted that these perilous exploits, far from being dreaded by the sailors, were hailed as an agreeable variation of a monotonous duty. The captain of the frigate was an officer who had no idea of throwing away a shot unnecessarily; and when, in compliance with a general order, he piped all hands to quarters to exercise the guns, he regularly stood in shore to give the benefit of his practice to the nearest battery. Perilous as this rough pastime may appear, the vessel lost only two or three men by it in as many years.

St Servan, though originally considered a suburb of St Malo, has now a separate municipality, and is in reality a large independent town, scattered over a great extent of ground, and exempt from the disagreeable restrictions of a fortified place. It is situated on a rugged peninsula, formed by the harbour of St Malo and the Rance, or Dinant river, which here enters the sea. A fort called the citadel, supposed to be erected on the site of an important Roman station called Aleth, and capable of laying St Malo in ruins in a few hours, commands the *embouchure* of the Rance, and port of the Solidor, the proper harbour of St Servan. At the Solidor there is a government arsenal, and ships of war frequently put in to refit. The port takes its name from a singular strongly-fortified tower, built on a low rock that juts into the haven. Of this cut-throat looking pile, many tales of oppression and blood are on traditionary record. At the revolution, it was the last earthly prison of many a doomed wretch; and in later times, many English seamen, captured in war, were thrown into it, and fell victims to bad food and close confinement. A legend still extant traces the foundation and name of this structure to a governor either of St Malo or St Servan, named Sol, whose life was assailed by a body of conspirators, leagued to subvert his authority. The watchword employed on this occasion was *Sol-il-dort*, and from this circumstance originated the name of the tower, which was built to serve as a prison for the party worsted. This story probably refers to the surprise of the castle of St Malo by the citizens in the wars of the League.

In Britain, we are accustomed to associate the wildest dreams of romance with conventional seclusion, and the moment we set foot in a country where monastic institutions are countenance, we experience a prodigious desire to get a glimpse beyond the grate of a nunnery. Under the influence of this inquisitive spirit, I one evening went to hear vespers at the convent of Saint Anne, at St Servan. Over the great gateway, the name of the saint was inscribed in letters of gold, and a small niche underneath contained a paixty gilt figure of the virgin, differing little from a child's doll. These indications of puerile bigotry are more numerous in Brittany than in any other part of France; you can scarcely turn a corner without seeing one or more of them stuck in the wall before you. A broad walk, enclosed between high walls and bordered by flower-beds, led direct to the chapel, which was open to all who chose to enter it. There was more neatness and taste displayed in the parterres than is generally apparent in French flower-gardens—in short, something that bespoke the superintendence and choice arrangement of female eyes. The chapel was almost deserted—only a few infirm women were unblushing their prayers at the side altars. The grate was immediately behind the high altar, and from thence came the sweet solemn chant of the nuns, as they momentarily responded to the faint distant voice of the leader of their devotions. The dim twilight streaming through the windows—the indistinct and motionless figures prostrated at the various shrines—the mournfully melodious tones of the invisible sisterhood, the rustle of whose garments and the chink of whose beads I could occasionally hear—might be said to stamp with reality the pictures of romance. I thought I could distinguish one voice more mournful, more mellifluous than the rest, and could not help associating it with a tale of disastrous love; but perhaps this was only a fancy, as the impressions of strangers are likely to be.

Two classes of religieux are constantly to be seen abroad—the *priests*, or priests, and the *Sœurs de la Charité*, familiarly designated *les Bonnes Sœurs*. The priests, many of whom are evidently in indigence, wear a black clerical habit; the Hospitallers, or Sisters of Charity, sometimes a black and sometimes a grey

gown, with high white caps and veils, and large rosaries. All of them were ladies of a certain age, and looked mighty demure and matronly. This is at once the most numerous and most useful order in France. At their profession, their property is given up to the convent for charitable purposes, and the remainder of their life is devoted to attending on and administering spiritual consolation to the sick. Their habit is a passport into every sick chamber, where they are always welcomed as messengers of consolation and mercy. The blood-stained leaders of the revolution were so sensible of the generous and benevolent character of these nuns, that they rescinded the edict for their extirpation; and Napoleon, equally aware of their extensive usefulness, honoured them with his especial protection.

St Servan is the head-quarters of the English in this part of France. They amounted to several hundreds, chiefly naval and military officers and their families, and had instituted a news-room, well supplied with the British journals and periodical works—formed clubs for gormandising and diversion—and even subscribed to pay a curate for reading prayers hebdomadally, in a hired apartment. Among other associations at St Servan for the purpose of diversion, thirteen Englishmen had formed themselves into a club, called the Ramblers, who regularly devoted one day in the week to rural excursions. They usually hired a boat, and ran a few miles up the Rance, to some verdant plateau on its margin, where they played quoits, and indulged in other rustic sports till sunset. Dinner for the whole party was provided by the members in turn; each man brought a bottle of wine for personal consumption; and the caterer for the day had the privilege of inviting a couple of guests. I am thus particular, in order to show how English absenteers, permanently settled on the continent, endeavour to amuse themselves; and must in justice add, that the Rambling Club, though somewhat selfish, was a very merry association. The members were generally men of superior intelligence, who had increased their stock of information by personal observation in various countries; and some of the happiest days I passed in Brittany were spent in their society.

At St Servan accident brought me acquainted with a captain of the Garde Royale, whose life had exhibited an unbroken series of military vicissitudes. He was in middle life, swarthy, and the contour of his visage exceedingly martial; but his manners had the polish and dignity of a true scion of the ancient aristocracy of France. A Breton by birth, his father, the Marquis —, was implicated in the first Vendéan war, and perished; several other relatives emigrated, and entered the English service; and Du C—, a mere boy at the time, was reduced to absolute destitution in the streets of St Malo. When his age permitted, he entered the republican army as a private soldier, and in that humble capacity followed Bonaparte through his Italian and Austrian campaigns. He was afterwards sent to Spain, where he was promoted to the rank of sergeant, taken prisoner by the British, and shipped off to England, where he passed four years in captivity. While in prison, he accidentally learned that an uncle had attained a high rank in the English army, and found means to acquaint him with his situation, which circumstance eventually led to his liberation. The uncle wished his young kinsman to enter the English service, and offered to procure him a commission instantaneously; but Du C— had imbibed some national enthusiasm, and demurred at the idea of bearing arms against his country. The result was, that his uncle dismissed him as an abettor of usurpation; and Du C— returned to France in time to rally himself once more under the imperial eagles, immediately previous to their fatal flight to Russia. He was one of the few who survived that disastrous campaign; and was subsequently engaged in the actions of Bautzen, Leipzig, and Hannau. On the field of Bautzen he was promoted, and received the Order of the Legion of Honour from the emperor's own hand. When Napoleon found it vain to struggle longer against the tide of events, and agreed to abdicate, Du C—, in common with the whole army, submitted to the fortune of war, and took the oath of allegiance to Louis. A few months afterwards, his old leader returned triumphant; he was imperatively called upon to choose between him and the house of Bourbon, and difficult was the choice. He saw his comrades crowding simultaneously to rally beneath the imperial banner—he remembered that under it he had reaped all his laurels; but he remembered, too, that the Bourbons had been the ancient benefactors of his family—that his father had fallen in their cause—and that he had recently sworn to serve them with fidelity—so he retired with Louis to Ghent. The battle of Waterloo followed, and in a few weeks he again found himself in Paris—a captain in the Garde Royale, and with the Cross of St Louis added to his former honours.

The conclusion of his tale savours of romance. At the period I became acquainted with him, he had visited his native province, for the first time since he left it a friendless conscript, simply to gratify a desire he experienced to behold once more the chateau of his ancestors, which had long ago passed into the possession of strangers. In wandering round the outskirts of his alienated domain—for he did not presume to intrude on the privacy of the family who inhabited the mansion—he accidentally encountered the owner, an Englishman, who had recently purchased it from

the person into whose hands it had devolved at the revolution. The Englishman, affected by the stranger's explanation, hospitably invited him to become his guest. He had two daughters, one of whom, a beautiful girl, made a deep inroad in Du C—'s affections. At the time I left St Servan, he was in a fair way to become a Benedict; and, as a dowry with the lady, would very likely receive back his father's castle."

ECONOMISING OF STEAM POWER.

Of late years, considerable efforts have been made by practical engineers to economise the powers exerted by steam-engines. The attempts at improvement have only in a small degree been directed to the make or form of engines, for that appears to have reached almost as high a degree of perfection as is consistent with our existing knowledge: the main object has been to economise heat, or to produce a greater evolution and expansive force of steam, without increasing the consumption of fuel. This is an age of savings; and what more necessary to save than the expensive material, coal, the grand agent of heat to the steam-engine? Of such consequence is it to economise fuel, that in some districts every thing may be said to depend on it; and the nearer we can bring the expense of steam to water power, so much more scope is there given for planting manufactories in situations where water power is deficient.

Various plans have been adopted for saving heat. One consists in constructing the boiler, with its furnace and flues, of such a form as will extract and use up the largest quantity of the heat evolved. The boiler best suited for receiving the heat before passing off, is that which is of a long and round shape, and against not only the lower but the side parts of which the fire has room to act. The exact form, however, is well known to engine-makers. Fully as necessary a requisite is the regulation of the admission of air to the fire; and, as far as we can judge, the intensity of heat is increased, without additional expense, by allowing waste steam to be injected into the furnace, either above or below the bars, thus furnishing a supply of oxygen in an easy and effective form. Another point requiring attention is to surround the whole of the exterior part of the boiler, or the building in which it is encased, with non-conducting substances. No part of any boiler should ever be open to the air, though below a roof. All parts should be well covered. In the case of high-pressure steam-engines, the disengaged or waste steam is usually blown away into the atmosphere, which is a voluntary loss of heat. If not required for any other purpose, such as heating a house, the waste steam should be condensed by blowing it into a water cistern, and so raising the temperature of the water before being pumped into the boiler. It would be easy in this way to raise the temperature of the cold water to boiling pitch, but that is not desirable, for a pump will not work in water above a certain temperature; if the water be heated beyond this, the action of the sucker draws a vapour from the fluid, instead of causing the required vacuum, and, consequently, the pump labours at its work, which labour is a decided loss of power to the engine. If the water in the cistern be raised to eighty or ninety degrees, there will be a gain of from twenty to thirty degrees of heat, and there will be a corresponding saving of fuel. The heating of the water, by the agency of waste steam in an enveloping pipe, on its passage from the pump to the boiler, is a still more effectual means, when properly managed, of elevating the temperature; the water may in this way be raised to 180 degrees before being injected: of course, if steam, not waste, is employed in this process, the gain is met by a corresponding loss.

These, at best, are but superficial observations on the economising of heat in reference to steam, and we wish we could point to any definite and well-considered rules on the subject. A series of experiments was lately made by Dr Andrew Fyfe on the evaporative power of different kinds of coal, a notice of which appears in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* for April; but not being sufficiently practical, the experiments tend to scarcely any useful purpose. He observes—"Numerous methods have been recommended for securing the perfect combustion of all the gaseous matter, such as the cautious introduction of the fuel near the front of the furnace, instead of throwing it carelessly over the whole heap in a state of combustion, by which the gradual discharge of the volatile matter is occasioned, and which, being thus expelled and passed over the ignited fuel, should be burned, provided air in sufficient quantity is present. Many others have also been proposed, such as that patented by Mr Williams of Liverpool, which consists in allowing air to flow by small streams into the furnace behind the bridge, by which the volatile matter that has escaped combustion is to be consumed. Another is that lately introduced by Mr Ivison of this place. It

consists in throwing in small jets of steam at the front of the furnace, immediately over the surface of the fuel, at the same time admitting air, at the furnace-door or otherwise, also over the fuel. Keeping out of view these and other contrivances of a similar nature, it is evident that the power of anthracite [coal] is far beyond that of other kinds of fuel, more particularly when it is of good quality, that is, rich in fixed carbon, simply because there being little, indeed in some kinds of it we may say no volatile inflammable matter, the whole of the combustible substance is consumed, and the only loss of heat arises from that which must pass up the chimney, and by which a draft is secured, besides what is given off in the flues and otherwise by communication, through the materials of the furnace."

The only work we are acquainted with which refers exclusively to the economising of steam power, is one published about two years ago, purporting to be an "Historical Statement of the Improvements made in the duty performed by the Steam-Engines in Cornwall." The writers, Mr Thomas Lean and brother, are engaged in superintending the Cornwall mines, and mention what immense savings have been effected in the mode of working the engines for the mines within these few years—doubling the amount of duty performed, and making mines pay which otherwise would have been given up. We wish that Messrs Lean had been more explicit in describing how the savings were effected; still, as what they say may be read with advantage by mill-owners and others, we shall offer a few extracts from their pages. It may be premised to the unprofessional reader, that the estimate of steam power is by the number of millions of pounds of water lifted one foot high by a bushel of coal.

"About the year 1801, the authors' father, Captain Joel Lean (who, besides being an experienced and intelligent miner, was a good practical engineer), was appointed principal manager of Crever and Oatfield, in the parish of Crown—one of the deepest and most extensive mines then at work in the county. He found the engines and pit-work in a very bad condition. The mines were about 170 fathoms deep from the surface, and 140 fathoms below the adit; and the water was drained by three steam-engines, namely, a 63-inch cylinder double, on Bull's mode of construction—having the cylinder over the shaft, and the piston-rod working through its bottom; and a 60-inch and 36-inch cylinder single engines, on Boulton and Watt's plan. The consumption of coal by these engines was enormous, and the average duty under ten millions: Bull's engine, 63-inch double, consumed fourteen chaldrons of coal in one day. The pit-work, too, which consisted of leather buckets with two or three pistons, such as were at that time in general use for ploughs, was in a very bad state; and it may be safely asserted that the engines were idle at least one-third of the time, repairing the pit-work and changing the buckets.

After he had assumed the management, Captain Lean's attention was immediately directed to the pit-work; and here he first introduced (what is now so generally used, and with so great advantage) the plunger-pole, instead of the common box and piston, wherever he found it practicable. Equally bold and successful was the change which he made in the engines. The two smaller (which were erected in the same house, and connected with the same rods) he threw aside, and put in their stead a 70-inch cylinder, —the first of the size ever erected in the county—in which he adopted the expansive mode of working, at that time but little thought of, and very partially practised. These improvements saved the mine. At that time the proprietors were burdened with a debt of many thousand pounds, which was continually augmenting; but as the engines now consumed less than half the previous quantity of coal, and, at the same time, kept the mine effectually drained, so that the miners could work without hindrance, they not only discharged the debt, but obtained considerable profit."

Being desirous that there should be a system of regular registration of duty performed by all the engines in the district, Captain Lean at length had the satisfaction of seeing his wishes accomplished. The first report appeared in 1811, containing the register of three engines at work at Wheal Alfred mine, "the average duty of which was about twenty millions: these engines were at that time reckoned the best in the county. Other mines quickly followed. In August of that year eight engines were reported, with an average duty of 15.7 millions; and in December the number had increased to twelve, average duty seventeen millions. In the three following years, namely, 1812, 1813, and 1814, the number of engines reported was twenty-one, twenty-nine, and thirty-two; and the average duty 19.3 millions, 19.5 millions, and 20.6 millions respectively.

It would appear from these numbers that the duty performed had been nearly stationary for these three years. This, however, was not the case. The engines first placed on the reports had much improved; and the general average was kept low by the accession of new engines, whose performance was almost invariably inferior, until attention had been called to the fact by their insertion on the reports. In corroboration of this, we may adduce the instance of Stray Park engine—a single engine on Boulton and Watt's construction, of 60-inch cylinder. When this engine was first put on the report, in 1811, its duty was below

sixteen millions: during eight months, ending with April 1813, it had consumed 17,633 bushels of coal, performed the average duty of 21.5 millions, and worked at the rate of five strokes per minute: during eight months, ending with April 1814, it had consumed only 12,671 bushels of coal, performed the average duty of 30.5 millions, and worked at the rate of 5.7 strokes per minute:—thus pumping from a deeper mine a seventh part more water, with the consumption of 7440 bushels of coal per annum less, or a saving by one engine alone of about £300 on the cost of the preceding year. This engine maintained its standing to the end of the year; so that its average duty for the twelve months was thirty-two millions."

After presenting a long series of tables, showing the yearly duty performed by the engines, the writers conclude with the arithmetical proof, that an aggregate saving of fuel has been effected to the extent of £84,300 per annum. "We have now," they observe, "attained the object we had in view. We have marked the rise and traced the progress of the improvement made in the steam-engines in Cornwall, estimated the amount, and described the exciting cause. It remains that we point out, very briefly, in what that improvement consists.

During the existence of Boulton and Watt's patent right, and for some years afterwards, many and strenuous were the efforts made by men possessing scientific knowledge or practical skill, or both, to discover something new in principle, or some modification in construction, sufficiently distinct and definite, and at the same time possessing advantages enough, to ensure them a share of the profits, without encroaching on the exclusive privileges of those patentees. They found it hard to believe that the steam-engine, like some other works of genius, had attained its most perfect form at once. Under this impression, one man made the construction more simple. He inverted the cylinder over the shaft, and connected the piston-rod immediately with the pit-work; thus dispensing with the main-beam and all its appendages. Another made it more complex, by adding a second cylinder, and working the same steam a second time; thus having the benefit of a greater expansion. The former again discharged the condensing water through a descending column of sufficient length; the latter, on the contrary, discharged it through the top of the receiver. The object of both was the same—to get rid of the air-pump; which a third more effectually accomplished by not condensing at all. One engine had a revolving axis, another a revolving cylinder, and even Watt himself attempted to substitute the cumbersome apparatus of the sun-and-planet wheel for the simple arm of the crank. All these are now matter of history. They excited interest in their day; had their supporters and their opponents; and are now gone with their inventors.

The first improvement deserving notice was the adopting Trevithick's boiler; consisting of a long cylinder, through the whole length of which runs a tube having the fire within it. Trevithick's principal object seems to have been the introduction of the engine worked by the mere pressure of the steam, without condensation. It was therefore necessary that the steam should be raised to a much higher degree of elastic force than had hitherto been used; and for this purpose his boilers are well contrived. They have now superseded the use of all others in Cornwall.

The advantage to be derived from the expansive properties of steam had been apparent from the first; and Hornblower had, at an early period, endeavoured to turn it to account, by using two cylinders, and causing the steam, after having performed the stroke in the first, to act on the piston of another of double the capacity. But as the steam he used was raised but little above the pressure of the atmosphere, it was found that the power gained did not compensate for the inconvenience of a more complicated and more expensive machine. The same form of construction was long afterwards revived by Woolf, with steam of much greater power, and with considerable success. His second cylinder was four times the size of the first. To him we owe the establishment, if not the introduction, of the use of high-pressure steam with expansion and condensation.

The advantage which these engines possessed over those of a low-pressure, was soon made known by the monthly reports. The greater expense of their erection, and the want of simplicity in their construction, were objections to their general use. Besides being an experienced engineer, Woolf was a skilful workman; and the engines erected under his superintendence excelled in correctness of construction. After his example, or by his instructions, other workmen also attained perfection in the art; and the engines made in Cornwall were found to yield in excellence to those of no manufacture, however eminent.

It now appeared that engines well constructed might dispense with the second cylinder; the mere impetus of the mass of matter in motion being sufficient to carry the piston through two-thirds, three-fourths, or even a greater portion of the stroke, after the steam had ceased to be admitted from the boiler.

Little more remained to be done except carefully to prevent the needless condensation and consequent waste of steam; and in this Captain Samuel Gross took the lead, by carefully covering every exposed part with a nonconducting substance.

Thus the engine was reduced to its simplest form—a single engine on Boulton and Watt's construction.

And although our engines exceed in duty three or four fold what Boulton and Watt had ever attained, or, perhaps, thought possible of attainment, yet they are, after all, in name and in reality, Boulton and Watt's engines."

SAILOR LIFE.

A FAITHFUL picture of the life of a sailor may be described as having hitherto been wanting in our literature; as it was indeed likely to be, considering that common sailors are not apt to fall into habits of book-making, and that no other persons, not even their officers, are in circumstances to observe or report sailor life with any approach to truth. The desideratum has been at length supplied by a young American, who, arrested by illness in the midst of college life, and recommended for his health to go upon a long voyage, found it necessary, in order to obey the advice, to enter as a common sailor on board a merchantman which sailed from Boston on a trading cruise to California. He thus acquired the knowledge which his abilities and education enabled him to communicate; and the result was a small work published last year at Boston, and recently reprinted in this country, under the title of "Two Years before the Mast." This is a book which we can confidently recommend to general perusal. It is written in a simple unambitious style, and, without containing any remarkable incidents or adventures, is sufficiently entertaining to carry on the reader with satisfaction to its close, where it leaves him with a pleasing impression of the character of its author. The pictures which it gives of the situation of a common sailor on a voyage, represent it as, upon the whole, one of hard and incessant labour, many discomforts, and few pleasures.

Being unable to follow the author in his narrative, we shall endeavour to support our opinion of the book by making one or two extracts. The first gives a tolerably well condensed view of the arrangements on board a merchant vessel, and the duties of the sailors:

"The captain, in the first place, is lord paramount. He stands no watch, comes and goes when he pleases, and is accountable to no one, and must be obeyed in everything, without a question, even from his chief officer. He has the power to turn his officers off duty, and even to break them, and make them do duty as sailors in the forecastle. Where there are no passengers and no supercargo, as in our vessel, he has no companion but his own dignity; and no pleasures, unless he differs from most of his kind, but the consciousness of possessing supreme power, and, occasionally, the exercise of it.

The prime minister, the official organ, and the active and superintending officer, is the chief mate. He is first lieutenant, boatswain, sailing-master, and quarter-master. The captain tells him what he wishes to have done, and leaves to him the care of overseeing, of allotting the work, and also the responsibility of its being well done. The mate (as he is always called, *par excellence*) also keeps the log-book, for which he is responsible to the owners and insurers, and has the charge of the stowage, safe keeping, and delivery of the cargo. He is also, *ex-officio*, the wit of the crew; for the captain does not condescend to joke with the men, and the second mate no one cares for; so that when 'the mate' thinks fit to entertain 'the people' with a coarse joke, or a little practical wit, every one feels bound to laugh.

The second mate's is proverbially a dog's berth. He is neither officer nor man. The men do not respect him as an officer, and he is obliged to go aloft to reef and furl the topsails, and to put his hands into the tar and slush with the rest. The crew call him the 'sailor's waiter,' as he has to furnish them with spun yarn, marline, and all other stuffs that they need in their work, and has charge of the boatswain's locker, which includes serving-boards, marline-spikes, &c. &c. He is expected by the captain to maintain his dignity and to enforce obedience, and still is kept at a great distance from the mate, and obliged to work with the crew. He is one to whom little is given, and of whom much is required. His wages are usually double those of a common sailor, and he eats and sleeps in the cabin; but he is obliged to be on deck nearly all his time, and eats at the second table, that is, makes a meal out of what the captain and chief mate leave.

The steward is the captain's servant, and has charge of the pantry, from which every one, even the mate himself, is excluded. These distinctions usually find him an enemy in the mate, who does not like to have any one on board who is not entirely under his control; the crew do not consider him as one of their number, so he is left to the mercy of the captain.

The cook is the patron of the crew, and those who are in his favour can get their wet mittens and stockings dried, or light their pipes at the galley in the night watch. These two worthies, together with the carpenter and sailmaker, if there be one, stand no watch, but, being employed all day, are allowed to 'sleep in' at night, unless all hands are called.

The crew are divided into two divisions, as equally as may be, called the watches. Of these the chief mate commands the larboard, and the second mate the starboard. They divide the time between them, being on and off duty, or, as it is called, on deck and below, every other four hours. If, for instance, the chief mate with the larboard watch have the first

night-watch from eight to twelve; at the end of the four hours, the starboard watch is called, and the second mate takes the deck, while the larboard watch and the first mate go below until four in the morning, when they come on deck again and remain until eight, having what is called the morning watch. As they will have been on deck eight hours out of the twelve, while those who had the middle watch—from twelve to four—will only have been up four hours, they have what is called a 'forenoon watch below,' that is, from eight A.M. till twelve.

Nothing is more common than to hear people say—'Are not sailors very idle at sea!—what can they find to do?' This is a very natural mistake, and being very frequently made, it is one which every sailor feels interested in having corrected. In the first place, then, the discipline of the ship requires every man to be at work upon something when he is on deck, except at night and on Sundays. Except at these times, you will never see a man on board a well-ordered vessel standing idle on deck, sitting down, or leaning over the side. It is the officer's duty to keep every one at work, even if there is nothing to be done but to scrape the rust from the chain cables. In no state prison are the convicts more regularly set to work, and more closely watched. No conversation is allowed among the crew at their duty; and though they frequently do talk when aloft, or when near one another, yet they always stop when an officer is nigh.

With regard to the work upon which the men are put, it is a matter which probably would not be understood by one who has not been at sea. When I first left port, and found that we were kept regularly employed for a week or two, I supposed that we were getting the vessel into sea trim, and that it would soon be over, and we should have nothing to do but to sail the ship; but I found that it continued so for two years, and at the end of the two years there was as much to be done as ever. As has often been said, a ship is like a lady's watch, always out of repair. When first leaving port, studding-sail gear is to be rove, all the running rigging to be examined, that which is unfit for use to be got down, and new rigging re-ve in its place; then the standing rigging is to be overhauled, replaced, and repaired, in a thousand different ways; and wherever any of the numberless ropes or the yards are chafing or wearing upon it, there 'chafing gear,' as it is called, must be put on. This chafing gear consists of worming, parceling, roundings, battens, and service of all kinds—both rope-yarns, spun-yarn, marine and seizing-stuffs. Taking off, putting on, and mending the chafing gear alone, upon a vessel, would find constant employment for two or three men, during working hours, for a whole voyage.

The next point to be considered is, that all the 'small stuff' which are used on board a ship—such as spun-yarn, marline, seizing stuff, &c. &c.—are made on board. The owners of a vessel buy up incredible quantities of 'old junk,' which the sailors unlay, after drawing out the yarn, knot them together, and roll them up in balls. These 'rope-yarns' are constantly used for various purposes, but the greater part is manufactured into spun-yarn. For this purpose every vessel is furnished with a 'spun-yarn winch,' which is very simple, consisting of a wheel and spindle. This may be heard constantly going on deck in pleasant weather; and we had employment, during a great part of the time, for three hands in drawing and knotting yarns, and making spun-yarn.

Another method of employing the crew is, 'setting up' rigging. Whenever any of the standing rigging becomes slack (which is continually happening), the seizures and coverings must be taken off, tackles got up, and, after the rigging is bowed well taught, the seizures and coverings replaced; which is a very nice piece of work. There is also such a connexion between different parts of a vessel, that one rope can seldom be touched without altering another. You cannot stay a mast aft by the back stays, without slackening up the head stays, &c. &c. If we add to this all the tarring, greasing, oiling, varnishing, painting, scraping, and scrubbing, which is required in the course of a long voyage, and also remember this is all to be done in addition to watching at night, steering, reefing, furling, bracing, making and setting sail, and pulling, hauling, and climbing in every direction, one will hardly ask, 'What can a sailor find to do at sea?'

Our next specimen of this agreeable book describes a "day ashore" in California—the first enjoyment of any kind which the author or his companions had, after many months of severe labour and restraint. His descriptions of the mixed Spanish and Indian population of that miserable country, are very vivid and intelligible. He says, in the first place, "I shall never forget the delightful sensation of being in the open air, with the birds singing round me, and escaped from the confinement, labour, and strict rule of a vessel—of being once more in my life, though only for a day, my own master. A sailor's liberty is but for a day, yet while it lasts it is perfect. Our crew fell in with some who belonged to the other vessels, and, sailor-like, strolled for the first grog-shop. This was a small mud building of only one room, in which were liquors, dry and West India goods, shoes, bread, fruits, and every thing which is vendible in California. It was kept by a Yankee, a one-eyed man, who belonged formerly to Fall River, came out to the Pacific in a whale-ship, left her at the Sandwich Islands, and came to California and set up a 'pulperia.' S—— and I followed in our

shipmates' wake, knowing that to refuse to drink with them would be the highest affront, but determining to slip away at the first opportunity. It is the universal custom with sailors for each one, in his turn, to treat the whole, calling for a glass all round, and obliging every one who is present, even to the keeper of the shop, to take a glass with him. When he first came in, there was some dispute between our crew and the others, whether the new comers or the old California rangers should treat first; but it being settled in favour of the latter, each of the crews of the other vessels treated all round in their turn, and as there were a good many present (including some 'loafers' who had dropped in, knowing what was going on, to take advantage of Jack's hospitality), and the liquor was a *real* (12*½* cents) a glass, it made somewhat of a hole in their lockers. It was now our ship's turn, and S—— and I, anxious to get away, stepped up to call for glasses, but we soon found that we must go in order, the oldest first—for the old sailors did not choose to be preceded by a couple of youngsters—and *bon-gré, mal-gré*, we had to wait our turn, with the twofold apprehension of being too late for our horses, and of getting *corsed*; for drink you must every time: and if you drink with one and not with another, it is always taken as an insult.

Having at length gone through our turns, and acquitted ourselves of all obligations, we slipped out, and went about among the houses, endeavouring to get horses for the day, so that we might ride round and see the country. At first we had but little success; all that we could get out of the lazy fellows, in reply to our questions, being the eternal drawing '*Quién sabe?*' ('Who knows?') which is an answer to all questions. After several efforts, we at length fell in with a little Sandwich Island boy, who belonged to Captain Wilson of the Ayacucho, and was well acquainted in the place; and he, knowing where to go, soon procured us two horses, ready addled and bridled, each with a *lasso* coiled over the pommel. These we were to have all day, with the privilege of riding them down to the beach at night, for a dollar, which we had to pay in advance. Horses are the cheapest thing in California; the very best not being worth more than ten dollars a-piece, and very good ones being often sold for three and four. In taking a day's ride, you pay for the use of the saddle, and for the labour and trouble of catching the horses. If you bring the saddle back safe, they care but little what becomes of the horse. Mounted on our horses, which were spirited beasts—and which, by the way, in this country, are always steered by pressing the contrary rein against the neck, and not by pulling on the bit—we started off on a fine run over the country. The first place we went to was the old ruinous presidio, which stands on a rising ground near the village, which it overlooks. It is built in the form of an open square, like all the other presidios, and was in a most ruinous state, with the exception of one side, in which the commandant lived, with his family. There were only two guns, one of which was spiked, and the other had no carriage. Twelve half-clothed and half-starved looking fellows composed the garrison, and they, it was said, had not a musket a-piece. The small settlement lay directly below the fort, composed of about forty dark brown-looking huts, or houses, and two larger ones, plastered, which belonged to two of the '*gentes de razón*.' This town is not more than half as large as Monterey or Santa Barbara, and has little or no business. From the presidio, we rode off in the direction of the mission, which we were told was three miles distant. The country was rather sandy, and there was nothing for miles which could be called a tree; but the grass grew green and rank, and there were many bushes and thickets, and the soil is said to be good. After a pleasant ride of a couple of miles, we saw the white walls of the mission, and, fording a small river, we came directly before it. The mission is built of mud, or rather of the unburnt bricks of the country, and plastered. There was something decidedly striking in its appearance: a number of irregular buildings, connected with one another, and disposed in the form of a hollow square, with a church at one end, rising above the rest, with a tower containing five belfries, in each of which hung a large bell, and with an immense rusty iron cross at the top. Just outside of the buildings, and under the walls, stood twenty or thirty small huts, built of straw and of the branches of trees grouped together, in which a few Indians lived, under the protection and in the service of the mission.

Entering a gateway, we drove into the open square, in which the stillness of death reigned. [After a short visit] we returned to the village, going nearly all the way on a full run. The California horses have no medium gait, which is pleasant, between walking and running; for as there are no streets and parades, they have no need of the gentle trot, and their riders usually keep them at the top of their speed until they are tired, and then let them rest themselves by walking. The fine air of the afternoon, the rapid rate of the animals, which seemed almost to fly over the ground, and the excitement and novelty of the motion to us, who had been so long confined on boardship, were exhilarating beyond expression, and we felt willing to ride all day long. Coming into the village, we found things looking very lively. The Indians, who always have a holiday on Sunday, were engaged at playing a kind of running game of ball, on a level piece of ground near the houses. The old

ones sat down in a ring, looking on, while the young ones—men, boys, and girls—were chasing the ball, and throwing it with all their might. Some of the girls ran like greyhounds. At every accident, or remarkable feat, the old people set up a deafening screaming and clapping of hands. Several blue jackets were reeling about among the houses, which showed that the pulperia had been well patronised. One or two of the sailors had got on horseback, but being rather indifferent horsemen, and the Spaniards having given them vicious horses, they were soon thrown, much to the amusement of the people. A half-dozen Sandwich Islanders, from the hide-houses and the two brigs, who are bold riders, were dashing about on the full gallop, hallooing and laughing like so many wild men.

It is now nearly sundown, and S—— and myself went into a house, and sat quietly down to rest ourselves before proceeding to the beach. Several people soon collected to see '*los Ingles marineros*', and one of them—a young woman—took a great fancy to my pocket-handkerchief, which was a large silk one that I had before going to sea, and a handsomer one than they had been in the habit of seeing. Of course I gave it to her, which brought us into high favour; and we had a present of some pears and other fruits, which we took down to the beach with us. When we came to leave the house, we found that our horses, which we left tied at the door, were both gone. We had paid for them to ride as far as the beach, but they were not to be found. We went to the man of whom we hired them, but he only shrugged his shoulders, and to our question, 'Where are the horses?' only answered, '*Quién sabe?*' But as he was very easy, and made no inquiries for the saddles, we saw that he knew very well where they were. After a little trouble, determined not to walk down—a distance of three miles—we procured two, at four *reales* a-piece, with an Indian boy to run on behind and bring them back. Determined to have 'the go' out of the horses for our trouble, we rode forward at full speed, and were on the beach in fifteen minutes. Wishing to make our liberty last as long as possible, we rode up and down among the hide-houses, amusing ourselves with seeing the men as they arrived (it was now dusk), some on horseback, and others on foot. The Sandwich Islanders rode down, and were in 'high snuff.' We inquired for our shipmates, and were told that two of them had started on horseback and been thrown or had fallen off, and were seen heading for the beach, but steering pretty wild, and by the looks of things, would not be there much before midnight.

The Indian boys having arrived, we gave them our horses, and having seen them safely off, hailed for a boat and went aboard. Thus ended our first liberty day on shore."

TAYLOR, THE WATER-POET.

TAYLOR, the Water-Poet, is remarkable as, in point of time, the first of that class of poets, of lowly origin, and no or little education, which latterly included the names of Duck, Dermody, and Bloomfield. He flourished in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., and by profession was a waterman on the Thames; hence his ordinary appellation of the *Water-Poet*. He published a vast number of small books in the course of his life, and was known to most of the persons who cultivated or patronised literature in his own age; but all of him except his name had long been out of public observation, when, a few years ago, Mr Southey gave a view of his life and works in a volume, the chief object of which was to present some attempts in verse by John Jones, an old servant.* From this review by our admired laureate, most of the following particulars are derived.

John Taylor was a native of Gloucestershire, and was born in 1582. Though reared in the humblest circumstances, he not only received some tincture of ordinary learning, but advanced a little way in the rudiments of the Latin tongue: to use his own phrase, he "got as far as *possum* in his accidence." His education was at least sufficient to enable him, at an after period, to follow the bent of his mind in becoming an all-devouring reader—usually the mark of an intellect of a superior character. As soon as he was fit for labour, he was bound apprentice to a Thames waterman. This was a profession which at that time gave employment to a vast number of persons, and was regarded as a nursery for the naval service. From fifteen hundred to two thousand were every summer called to serve in the queen's ships, where their own means enabled them to make an appearance above what might have been expected from their pay, which was but nine and fourpence a-month. Amongst these levies was our poet, who, while yet a mere stripling, served in the expeditions of the Earl of Essex against Cadiz and the Azores, and made in all sixteen voyages. At the conclusion of the queen's wars, he returned

* This volume is entitled "Attempts in Verse, &c." Murray, London: 1821.

and settled down at his oar in the Thames, where, however, the poor watermen were now experiencing a sad change of times. Formerly, one-half of them had been employed during most of the year at sea. There were also some theatres in Southwark, which, in those days of but one bridge, caused an immense quantity of employment to watermen, in transporting audiences to and fro across the river. Now, the whole of the watermen were thrown upon their profession, and the theatres had been removed into the city. Taylor headed a great and desperate movement which was made, in 1613, to restore the prosperity of the watermen. A petition was got up, in which they set forth the great injuries they had suffered in consequence of the removal of the theatres, and prayed the king that he would forbid the players to exercise their vocation on the Middlesex side of the river. This suit our poet thought "not only reasonable, but most necessary to be sued for, and tolerable to be granted." It was met by the players with a counter-petition, which set forth that the watermen might just as reasonably propose to remove the Exchange or the walk in Moorfields to the Bankside, for their own profit. Interest made these gentlemen argue the case aright; but the principle was not in those days understood, and we find that even the mighty intellect of Bacon was so far imposed upon, that he pronounced in favour of the watermen, remarking that "the public weal was to be regarded before pastimes, and serviceable, decaying multitude before a handful of particular men"—as if the public were not a still greater multitude than the watermen, or as if they had no rights involved in the question. An accident alone seems to have prevented the watermen from establishing their claims.

It is probable that, before this period, Taylor had discovered his natural gifts, and was looked upon as the "clever fellow" of his profession. He thus allurisces the circumstances attending his assumption of the rhyming trade:

"I that, in quiet, at the healthful oar,
Did get my living in the days of yore,
And what the water yielded, I with mirth
Did spend upon the element of earth;
Until at length a strange poetic vein
As strange a way possessed'd my working brain.
It changed one evening on a reedy bank,
The Muses sat together in a rank,
Whilst in my boat I did by water wander,
Repeating lines of Hero and Leander.
The Triple Three took great delight in that,
Call'd me ashore, and caused me sit and chat;
And in the end, when all our talk was done,
They gave to me a draught of Helicon,
Which proved to me a blessing and a curse—
To fill my pate with verse, and empt' my purse."

He alludes in these last lines, doubtless, to the social or festive temptations to which his knack of versifying exposed him, and which he had not the firmness to resist. At the same time, he found leisure to cultivate his mind by no inconsiderable amount of reading. He informs us that he had studied the works of Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Tasso, and Du Bartas, through the medium of translations, besides the best of his own English predecessors, as Chaucer and Spencer,

" And that sole Book of Books which God hath given,
The blst eternal testaments of heaven;
That I have read, and I with care confess
Myself unworthy of that happiness."

His first published work was entitled, in the quaint fashion of the age, "Taylor's Water-Work; or the Sculler's Travels from Tyber to Thames; with his Boat laden with a Hoth-Potch, or Gallimaufrey of Sonnets, Satires, and Epigrams; with an Ink-horn Disputation," &c. It was dedicated in rather an elegant sonnet to "Mr John Moray, Esquire," probably a gentleman of the king's bed-chamber. Taylor's mode of publishing was after a fashion long since obsolete: he printed the books at his own cost, and then made presents of them to particular persons, hoping for little presents of money in return. He seems to have been kindly treated by both James I. and Charles I., as also by Ben Jonson, and many eminent persons at court. James appears to have bestowed some small place upon him; but what it was is not known. He was also employed by the lieutenant of the Tower to collect his perquisite of two black leather bottles or bombards of wine out of every cargo of that liquor brought into the Thames—a custom which had continued at that time upwards of three hundred years.

" Ten years almost the place I did retain,
And glean'd great Bacchus' blood from France and Spain;
Few ships my visitation did escape,
That brought the sprightly liquor of the grape."

But at length, the merchants challenged the usage, and complained that the bottles were now made bigger than they used to be. Taylor defended the case manfully, bringing in witnesses who swore to the size of the bottles for fifty years back. Though the lieutenant thus gained his cause, he soon after put Taylor's office up to sale, and disposed of it to another person, our poet conscientiously declining to buy it at what he thought thrice its value. On this subject he exclaims—

" Oh bottles, bottles, bottic, bottles, bottles!
Plato's divine works, nor great Aristotle's;
Did never make mention that a gift so royal
Was ever bought and sold!"

This was not the only rub which Taylor experienced in life. In a curious production, entitled the

"Navy of Ships and other Vessels that have the art to sail by Land as well as by Sea," after enumerating the Lord-ship, the Lady-ship, the Goodfellow-ship, the Apprentice-ship, and so forth, he thus alludes to the Surety-ship. "She is," says he, "so easy to be boarded, that a man need not trouble his feet to enter her, or use any boat to come to her—only a dash with a pen, the writing of a man's name, passing his word, or setting his mark (though it be but the form of a pair of pot-hooks, a crook, a crooked billet, or a *M* for John Thompson), any of these facile ways hath shipt a man into the Surety-ship during his life, and his heirs after him; and though the entrance into her be so easy, yet she is so full of importunity and needy courtesy, that many men will lend a hand into her, with more fair entreaties, requests, and invitations, than are commonly used to a mask at the court, or a groce of gossips in the country; and being once entered, a tenpenny nail, driven to the head, may as soon scape out of an oaken post, as a man may get ashore again. She is painted on the outside with vows and promises, and within her are the stories of the tattered prodigal, eating husks with the swine, the picture of Niobe, with Alecto, Tisiphone, and Megara, dancing *lacrymae*. Her arms are a goose-quill or pen couchant, in a sheep-skin field sable; the motto above, *Noverint univeri*; the supporters, an usurer and a scrivener; the crest, a woodcock; the mantles, red wax, with this other motto beneath, *Sealed and delivered*. This ship hath the art to make parchment the dearest stuff in the world, for I have seen piece little bigger than my two hands that hath cost a man a thousand pounds. I myself paid a hundred pounds once for a small rotten remanent of it. She is rigged most strangely: her ropes and cables are conditions and obligations; her anchors are leases forfeited; her lead and line are mortgages; her main-sails are interchangeable indentures; and her topsails, bills and bonds; her small shot are arrests and actions; her great ordnance are extents, outlawries, and executions."

Though Taylor might not altogether desert the Thames as he advanced in years, and after he lost his office at the Tower, his principal occupation and source of living lay in the writing of verses. He composed upon all manner of subjects, personal, religious, satirical, and historical. No eminent man died, but the Water-Poet had an elegy for him. He wrote upon "Miraculous Deliverances of the Church," and made a series of rhyming biographies of the English monarchs, from King Arthur to bluff King Hal. In all, he produced nearly *four score* books, some large and some small, which, in a collected form, constitute a very large folio. The amount of absolute doggerel intermingled with this rhyming collection, is assuredly far greater than the truly good and poetical matter; but it is amazing, on the whole, how many passages are to be found imbued with a natural and simple energy, that pleases and arrests the taste of him who has patience to wade through the "mighty maze."

Some of Taylor's best passages, as might be expected, have reference to sea affairs. The following description of a storm is somewhat impressive:—

" Midst darkness, lightning, thunder, sleet, and rain,
Remorseless winds and mercy-wanting main,
Amazement, horror, dread from each man's face
Had chased away life's blood, and in the place
Was sad despair, with hair beaved up upright,
With ashy visage, and with sad affright,
As if grim death with his all-murdering dart,
Had aiming shot at each man's bloodless heart.
Out cries the master, 'Lower the top-sail, lower!'
Then up aloft run scrambling three or four;
But yet for all their hury-bury haste,
Ere they got up, down tumbles sail and mast.
'Veet the main-sheet there,' then the master cried:
'Let rise the fore-tack, on the larboard side:
Take in the fore-sail, yare, good fowls, yare;
Alife at helm there—ware, no more, beware.
Steer south-south-east there, I say ware no more,
We are in danger of the leeward shore.
Clear your main-brace, let go the belin there,
Port, port the helms hard, Homer, come no near.
Sound, sound, heave, heave the lead, what depth, what depth?
'Fathom and a half, three all.' * * *
There's a plank sprung, something in hold did break,
Pump—bulldies—carpenters, quick stop the leak.
Well pump, my hearts of gold, who says amends,
East and by south, west and by north she wends.
This was a weather with a witness here,
But now we see the skies begin to clear,
To dinner, hey, and let's at anchor ride,
Till wind grows gentler, and a smoother tide."

Taylor undertook several journeys of a remarkable kind for that age. The first was in 1616, when he visited a brother who was settled in Germany. In 1618, he undertook, for a wager, to travel on foot from London to Edinburgh, "not carrying any money to eat and fare; neither begging, borrowing, or asking meat, drink, or lodging;" and this he literally accomplished, mainly by virtue of his having a numerous acquaintance in every part of the country. He also had a servant, and a sumpter-horse carrying provisions. The account which he afterwards published of this journey, under the title of "The Pennyless Pilgrimage," &c., contains a great deal of drollery. "I made," says he, "my legs my oars, and rowed by land." Finding little chance of entertainment at Daventry, he went on to Dunsmore heath, where he reposed the first night.

" My bed was curtain'd with good wholesome airs,
And being weary, I went up no stairs;
The sky my canopy; bright Phœbe shined;
Sweet bawling Zephyrus breathed gentle wind;

In heaven's star-chamber I did lodge that night,
Ten thousand stars me to my bed did light.
There barricaded with a bank lay we,
Below the lofty branches of a tree.
There my bedfellows and companions were,
My maid my horse, a bull, four cows, two steer;
But yet for all this most confused rout,
We had no bed-staves, yet we fell not out.
Thus Nature, like an ancient free upholster,
Did furnish us with bedstead, bed, and bolster;
And the kind skie (for which high Heaven be thanked!)
Allow'd us a large covering and a blanket."

On he went, by Coventry and Macclesfield, to Manchester, where he was publicly entertained. At Preston he tarried three days, and then proceeded to Carlisle, every where meeting with bountiful friends. From Carlisle he walked to Moffat in one day, wading the Eak and Annan "where ford there was none." Next day, he reached the sorry village of Blithe; "but I was blithe myself to come to any place of harbour or succour, for since I was born I never was so weary." At Edinburgh, which he entered next day, he found a good friend in Mr John Maxwell; and upon the whole his entertainment in this city and its neighbourhood was such as an Englishman of those days must have been little prepared for.

Taylor was anxious to see his friends the Earl of Mar and Moray of Abercairney. Finding, when he reached Stirling, that they had gone north to hunt, he set out after them, hoping to overtake them at Brechin. When he reached that town, he found they had been gone four days, and he resolved to follow them to the scene of the hunt, even into Braemar itself. He spent the first night of this journey at a house on the laird of Edzel's land, and next day journeyed over Mount Skeen, reaching Braemar at night. Considering the nature of the country, and the English nurture of our poet, he must have been no irresolute man who could take such a journey. He found his friends in the midst of a great company of nobles, gentlemen, and others, all engaged in hunting the wild animals of the country. All of them, without distinction, wore the habit of the country, namely, "shoes, with but one sole a-piece, stockings, which they call short hose, made of a warm stuff of divers colours, which they call tartane; as for breeches, many of them, nor their forefathers, never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuff that their hose is of, their garters being bands or wreathes of hay or straw, with a plaid about their shoulders, which is a mantle of divers colours, much finer and lighter stuff than their hose, with blue flat caps on their heads, a handkerchief knit with two knots about their necks, and thus were they attired. Now, their weapons are long bows and forked arrows, swords and targets, harquebusses, muskets, dirks, and Loquahabor-axes; with these arms I found many of them armed for the hunting. As for their attire, any man, of what degree soever, that comes amongst them, must not disdain to wear it; for if they do, then they will disdain to hunt, or willingly to bring on their dogs; but if men be kind unto them and be in their habit, then they are conquered with kindness, and the sport will be plentiful." The Earl of Mar put the Water-Poet "into this shape," and after leaving his house he was twelve days "before he saw either house, corn-field, or habitation for any creature but deer, wild horses, wolves, and such like." There were, however, "small cottages built on purpose to lodge in, which they call Longwards." He adds, that he liked the sport so well that he made two sonnets upon it: the second of these we extract:—

" If sport like this can on the mountains be,
Where Phœbus' flames can never melt the snow,
Then let who list delight in valies below,
Sky-kissing mountaine pleasure are for me.
What braver object can man's eye-sight see,
Than noble, worshipful, and worthy wights,
As if they were prepared for sundry fights,
Yet all in sweet society agree:
Through heather, moss, 'mong frogs, and bugs, and fogs,
'Mongst craggy cliffs, and thunder-batter'd hills,
Hares, hinds, bucks, roes, are chased by men and dogs,
Where two hours' hunting fourscore fat deer kill.
Lowlands, your sports are low as is your seat;
The Highland games and masts are high and great."

After the hunt broke up, Taylor was entertained by the Marquis of Huntly and other noble gentlemen, and then returned to Edinburgh, where he met Ben Jonson, then on a visit to Scotland to see Drummond. Ben appears to have been in good circumstances, for he gave the Water-Bard two-and-twenty shillings to drink his health; but, according to his engagement, Taylor emptied his pockets of all money at the Netherbow gate, ere he started again for England. He got to London very easily, having a friend with him who allowed him to wait for nothing.

This odd follower of the Muses made many journeys similar to the preceding, crossing even once or twice to the continent, and always booking his whole adventure when he returned. At length, the breaking out of the civil wars in 1642 compelled him to quit London for Oxford, where he took up a public-house. On finding himself at liberty to return to the capital, he adopted the same profession, keeping an inn in Phoenix Alley, near Long Acre. He died here at the good old age of seventy, in the year 1652, and was buried in St Paul's Churchyard. Some congenial rhymers made for him the following epitaph:—

" Here lies the Water-Poet, honest John,
Who rowed in the streams of Helicon;
Where, having many rocks and dangers past,
He at the haven of heaven arrived at last."

FUTURE PROSPECTS OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

THE following curious speculations concerning the future increase of population in the American continent, north and south, are abridged from the article *America* in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*:

"It was the astonishing progress of the United States that first clearly unfolded the principles on which the multiplication of human beings depends. We know with certainty that a prosperous community, possessing abundance of unoccupied land, will double its numbers in 25 [or more strictly 23] years, without aid from emigration; and as the scale ascends in a geometrical ratio, a short time necessarily produces a wonderful change. In the United States the whites [putting the blacks out of the question] increase at the rate of 3 or 3½ per cent. per annum; and when the Spanish American republics have settled down in a tranquil state, there is no doubt that the white inhabitants will multiply at the same rate. In 1830, the entire white population being estimated at 21,000,000, this number, in 1855, will be increased to 42,000,000; in 1880, to 84,000,000; in 1905, to 168,000,000; and in 1930, to 336,000,000. As the difficulty of providing for the growing annual increment of inhabitants must increase with the magnitude of the population, let us assume that, at the end of a century, the rate of increase falls to 2 per cent. The period of doubling will then be thirty-six years; consequently, the white population in 1966 will be 672,000,000; in 2002, it will be 1,344,000,000; and in 2030, it will be 2,380,000,000.

Thus, in two centuries, the whites now in America would multiply to a mass of people three times as great as are at present on the whole surface of the globe. Of the 31,000,000 of square miles which compose Europe, Asia, and Africa, we cannot find that the productive soil constitutes so much as one-third, and of that third a part is poor. The whole surface of the American continent contains 13,900,000 square miles, and, deducting 3,900,000 as arid soil, there are left 10,000,000 as soil of a productive quality. The degree of productiveness depends on climate [passing over an elaborate calculation on this point in reference to latitude]; it follows that, if the natural resources of America were fully developed, it would afford sustenance to 3,600,000,000 of inhabitants—a number five times as great as the entire mass of human beings existing at present upon the globe. And what is more surprising, there is every probability that this prodigious population will be in existence within three, or, at most, four centuries. The imagination is lost in contemplating a state of things which will make so great and rapid a change in the condition of the world. We almost fancy that it is a dream; and yet the result is based on principles quite as certain as those which govern the conduct of men in their ordinary pursuits. There are many elements of disorder now operating in Spanish America, but these are merely the drags left by the old Spanish despotism; and the Anglo-American republic is a pole-star to guide the people in their course towards freedom and prosperity. [It might be added, that the Anglo-American race will in all probability become the ultimate occupants of the present wretchedly mismanaged Spanish states.] Nearly all social improvements spring from the reciprocal influence of condensed numbers and diffused intelligence. What, then, will be the state of society in America two centuries hence, when a thousand millions of civilised men are crowded into a space comparatively so narrow, and when this immense mass of human beings speak only two languages [or, what is as likely, only one language—the English]! History shows that wealth, power, science, literature, all follow in the train of numbers, general intelligence, and freedom. The same causes which transferred the sceptre of civilisation from the banks of the Euphrates and the Nile to Western Europe, must, in the course of no long period, carry it from the latter to the plains of the Mississippi and the Amazon. Society, after all, is in its infancy; the habitable world, when its productive powers are regarded, may be said hitherto to have been an untempered waste. If any one suspects us of drawing on our fancy, we would request him to examine thoroughly the condition and past progress of the North American republic. Let him look at its amazing strides in wealth, intelligence, and social improvement; at its indestructible liberty; and, above all, at the prodigious growth of its population—and let him answer the question to himself, what power can stop the tide of civilisation which is pouring from its single source over an unoccupied world?"

[It may be difficult to answer fully the question put in the last sentence of this glowing panegyric, but we may be permitted to express a fear that the violence of mobs and intemperateness of public sentiment, if allowed to go on unchecked, may sooner or later bring the United States into collision with nations possessing infinitely greater resources, and thereby "stop the tide of civilisation" in a very material degree. Ultimately, the states would rally under such a misfortune, but we all know what dreadful retardations in public prosperity are caused by protracted warlike struggles.]

ANECDOTE OF A CAT.

It was the custom of the Rev. Dr Gabriel, formerly Rector of Barkham, Berkshire, when baiting his horse on a journey, to inquire who was the clergyman of the village, and to pass half an hour with him. Happening on an occasion of this kind (about the year 1750) to be told that a Mr —— was the pastor, he said, "I shall go and see him." "Sir," replied the ostler, "our parson is a very particular gentleman, and never admits a visitor." "Oh!" said the doctor, "he was a very intimate acquaintance of mine at college; we lived on the same staircase, and were continually in each other's rooms. I am sure he will see me." Upon which he called at the rectory, was kindly received, and invited to dinner. A stroll in the garden was proposed, and, on returning to the parlour, he observed plates laid for a party of three. After conjecturing who was to be the third at table, the dinner was served up, and when the doctor and his friend sat down, up jumped the cat from the hearth-rug, and took possession of the third chair. The courteous rector helped his guest first, and had no sooner done so than puss sprang at his face, and, in her fury, nearly scratched his eyes out. The cause of this terrific attack was as follows:—The rector and his cat had long lived the sole companions of each other, and a plate was always put on the table for Madam Puss, who, accustomed to be served first, was disappointed, and jealous of the preference shown to the stranger, evinced her displeasure in thus clawing and wounding his unfortunate visage.

A STANDARD OF ACQUIREMENT.

Nobility of birth does not always ensure a corresponding nobility of mind; if it did, it would always act as a stimulus to noble actions; but it sometimes acts as a clog rather than a spur. For the favour and consideration of our fellow-men is perhaps the strongest incentive to intellectual exertion; but rank and title, unfortunately for the possessors of them, ensure that favour and consideration, even without exertion, that others hardly can obtain by means of it. Therefore, men high in rank are sometimes low in acquirement, not so much from want of ability as from want of application; for it is the nature of man not to expend labour on those things that he can have without it, nor to sink a well if he happen to be born upon the banks of a river. But we might as well expect the elastic muscularity of a gladiator without training, as the vigorous intellect of a Newton without toil.—*Colton's Lecture*.

A STANDARD OF ACTION.

He that acts towards men as if God saw him, and prays to God as if men heard him, although he may not obtain all that he asks, or succeed in all that he undertakes, will most probably deserve to do so. For with respect to his actions to men, however he may fail with regard to others, yet if pure and good with regard to himself and his highest interests, they cannot fail; and with respect to his prayers to God, although they cannot make the Deity more willing to give, yet they will and must make the supplicant more worthy to receive.—*Ibid.*

A STANDARD OF WISDOM.

We did not make the world; we may mend it, and must live in it. We shall find that it abounds with fools, who are too dull to be employed, and knaves who are too sharp. But the compound character is most common, and is that with which we shall have the most to do. As he that knows how to put proper words in proper places evinces the truest knowledge of books, so he that knows how to put fit persons in fit stations, evinces the truest knowledge of men. It was observed of Elizabeth, that she was weak herself, but chose wise counsellors; to which it was replied, that to choose wise counsellors was, in a prince, the highest wisdom.—*Ibid.*

OUR ATTACHMENT TO LIFE.

The young man, till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it, indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a sermon on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now—shall I confess a truth?—I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods like misers' farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away "like a weaver's shuttle." Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide that smoothly bears human life to eternity, and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth—the face of town and country—the unspeakable rural solitudes—and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived—to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age, or drop, like yellow fruit, as they say, into the grave! Any alteration on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household gods plant a terribly fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggers me. Sun and sky, and breeze and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fireside conversations, and jests, and irony—do not these things go out with life? Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides, when you are pleasant with him?—*Life and Remains of Charles Lamb*.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

In a recent publication by those who oppose an official inquiry into pauperism in Scotland, a discourteous attack is made upon our paper in No. 43, entitled "Picture of the Indigent Class of a Little Town." The attack is from the minister of the town in question, the name of which we are still anxious to avoid bringing into discussion. In reply we have to remark, that the notices given of individual paupers in our paper were prepared with the greatest care from information collected on the spot, and which was afterwards submitted for correction to three different inhabitants of the highest respectability. Our assailant endeavours to discover a number of "mistakes" and "fallacies" in our statement, but after all is only able to show a few of those minute variances which are to be found in all different reports of the same sets of circumstances. He has not shown one real error a hundredth part so gross as what appears a deliberate attempt to mislead on his own part, when he says that the number of the parish paupers is not 36 but 38. If he here refers to the period of our inquiries, he only contradicts a matter of absolute fact; for we took down a list of the poor from the parish books with our own hand, and they numbered neither more nor less than 38, exclusive of 4 who were non-resident.

So much for the paupers or publicly supported poor of the parish. With regard to the other indigent inhabitants, our statement was, that there were 63 householders in extreme necessity, who obtained no parish relief, and 86 besides, who were in occasional necessity. These allegations depended on the result of particular investigations. We obtained lists of those who resorted to soup-kitchens when there were any, and compiled, from the conversation of intelligent persons, a short biographical memoir of every one of them. Amongst our informants were a medical man who attends much on the poor, and a gentleman whose duty it had been to test the claims of those who came to the soup-kitchens. We hold that it would have been impossible for any one to make up a more accurate report of the condition of the poor of a particular district. From these materials we concluded that the total number of persons permanently calling for public relief was 101, or 63 besides the 38 who obtained it; and that there were 96 besides, of a second degree of necessity, or who would have needed occasional relief. It was, no doubt, much a matter of opinion; but the opinion expressed by us was one which we were entitled to form; and we hold that, sanctioned as it was by several of the most respectable inhabitants of the parish, it may still be regarded as of fully as much weight as the contrary opinion of the minister. The fact itself of all these persons going to a soup-kitchen, or accepting of a public dole of meal and coal, bears strong testimony to the candour of our inference. Our assailant adverts to a manuscript list of the poor which we sent to his parish, and which has fallen into his hands. He points triumphantly to the fact that it contains only 86 cases of alleged extreme necessity, and 88 of a second degree of necessity; and he answers some of the queries conveyed in that list in such a manner as to leave the impression that, in those instances, we had put down mere men of straw. What are our readers, in the first place, to think of the honour which did not shrink from making use of such a document, surreptitiously obtained?—and what, in the next, of the logic which could assume, as the real ground of our statements, a document evidently only intermediate, and which testifies to nothing but the pains we took to be correct? Various other facts stated in our paper are hardly denied, but every one of them rests on the authority of persons fully as much entitled to credit as our assailant, and there we are content to leave them. We shall only advert to one other point. We had stated that there were in all 167 necessitous householders, representing about 500 individuals. "This," says he, "is assuming that every applicant had a family, which was not the case." It was assuming no such thing. The minister is here the only assuming party. We made no rash calculation of the number of persons represented by 167 householders, but had the numbers of the various families, where there were families, reckoned; and the result was, what we here deliberately and advisedly repeat, that nearly 500 persons, or a fourth of the population of the place, were in permanent or occasional indigence, and glad to resort to any public charity which was offered them, while the number of persons on the poor-roll was, as before stated, only 38.

We have here little to say with respect to the use which has been made by the anti-poor-law party of our assailant's remarks. The wonder which they express that poor persons should press in from the country to a town where the indigent are so ill treated, is simple indeed, when we recollect that, in the country, the poor are still worse provided for—ten shillings a quarter being, for example, all that was offered to a labourer's widow with three or four children, in one of these rural parishes, although there was not one other person on the poor-roll. The small mortality may perhaps be accounted for by the salubrity of the place, its remoteness from sources of infectious disease, and other circumstances. If the paupers and other indigent inhabitants derive, as our opponents admit, a great part of their support from charitable neighbours, we would say that it leads to a very different conclusion from what they have arrived at. This part of their support is drawn, as generally throughout Scotland, in the largest proportion from the class next in poverty; in the next largest proportion from the class somewhat better off; and so on. *It is a system which saves the niggardly at the expense of the generous, and the rich at the expense of the poor;* while the object aimed at by the advocates of a proper poor-law, is to tax society equitably for this purpose, and make such provision for the poor as shall exempt them from evils afflicting to humanity and dangerous to the commonweal.

With all due respect for the committee from whom this publication proceeds, we would remark that their correspondents might produce not the less impression on the public mind, if they were to write like gentlemen. Some of the allusions of our clerical adversary are such as we believe have long been banished from civilised controversy, while the general tone of superiority and insolence assumed by this obscure rural preacher, must appear, we should think, fully as ridiculous to the public as it can be considered offensive to us.

We have only to add our earnest trust that the inhabitants of the town in question will not suppose that, towards them, we have been animated by any but kind and respectful feelings. The cause in which we wrote—the cause of the oppressed and neglected poor of Scotland—will, we trust, plead our apology for having brought forward their case as an example.